Our offerings round we strew.

Upon your country's altar dear, Your lives were freely paid-In sacrifice to Freedom's cause, The ransom price was paid!

The blessings which your ardor bought Breathe in the balmy May, And hallow with a chastened glow The grandeur of the day.

The halo which around you shines Shall, as the years go by, Add luster to the deeds, which in Our memories fondly lie.

We deck your graves with flowers, to-day, O comrades brave and true! In token of the love we bear, Our offerings round we strew.

ACROSS THE GRAVE.

Kate Wilton's Loyal Love-A Memorial Day Story.

[Written for This Paper.]



F you had chanced to see Kate Wilton's face, among a crowd of others, your gaze might have lingered a moment-long enough, perhaps, for you to ask why it lingered and to fail to find satisfactory answer. Behind that quiet face was the magnetism of a greatly loval and looked and felt the

spell, and thought

HENRY A. LAVELY.

because, in the face. there was no sufficient charm to account for the feeling. Such magnetism is exercised by all strongly tender natures, and the sympathetic soul becomes instantly sensitive at contact with the magnetic center. How often is it said: "I wonder what he can see in her to love?" because, forsooth, the eye of flesh can not penetrate beneath the surface. May it not be, must it the midnight stillness or the morning chill. not be, that it is given to the eye of love to They kept such vigil as wife and husband see and to the heart of love to understand might keep beside the coffined form of a that which is hidden from the multitude- first-born child. Something new had come the inner beauty and worth, that soul-love- into life rather than something gone out of liness which is the only pure and abiding beauty.

But, if you had seen Kate Wilton afoot | for the fulness. and afield, you would have, inevitably, turned and watched her with a growing feeling that she was a somebody; for, to a days and weeks of anxious waiting would superb physique, she added a rare grace of carriage. To see her walk was a revela- Carl disappeared utterly and left no trace. tion, compelling the reflection that, among the shambling, wincing throng of woman- might come back when the prisons kind, walking was a lost art. Glowing opened their doors. The war ended, with exercise, her eyes sparkling, little, straggling tendrils of hair curling about her forehead and around her ears, her face there was none. A slow and subtle was at its best. In repose, her face lost its great charm-the charm of light. The difference in her face when in repose and when emotion or exercise stirred it was very name of the South. That name was to the difference between the cold, gray sky her the name of the murderess who had at dawn and the warm, bright sky at sun- slain her love. The turbulence of an unrise; between the stream that flows sober- quiet spirit made the olden divine whisly in shadow and the merry, laughing perings less and less audible. God seemed stream that leaps in the light. For this remote; prayer, the useless wail of a negreason, perhaps, any attempt to describe lected child. So passed nearly fifteen Kate Wilton's face ends only in a category years. Aunt Ruth died and Kate lived on of features. Her light, brown hair was alone with the old servant whose connecworn rolled back in a curling wave tion with the household antedated her earlifrom her pure, high forehead: the est recollection. It was toward the close of eyes beneath were large and gray; nose, this period that Kate Wilton became straight and over-large, mouth also rather attracted to Spiritism. A stranger had belarge, with lines which, straight in repose, | come resident in the village and with all the could soften and become sensitive when zeal of a propagandist she had sown the she was aroused or interested. Her chin seeds of her "ism" in every promising was firm and well molded and the white soil. To Kate the possibility of hearing a neck was full and faultless in its curves. voice from beyond, above all his voice, The striking characteristic of her face was enough to stir her nature to its depths. was strength. An artist, with a line or She became an easy convert, and was the two, could have made it sweetly strong or first member of the growing circle that sternly strong, but strong it must be, in held its weekly gatherings at the houses of any case. Her nature was of that kind those who befriended the new doctrine and which seems to be instinctively religious. its disciples. Many messages came to her, The doctrine of a particular, all-pervading and, in time, these left her altogether in-Providence, so hard of understanding for different to the loss of the quieter voices some, was to her the most natural of be she had been wont to hear and heed. She liefs. Her religion was pure love, and if it experienced strange extremes of feeling. be true that

"He prayeth best who loveth best taken home by an aunt, who was a widow been a pastor, she could not do otherwise that bore its fruit in Katie's life.

come to her some day, to be known of name | tention, and lapsed again into drowsiness, | guest. Presently Mrs. Gardiner withand cherished of body.

And so it came to pass. meeting in mid ocean of ships from antipodal ports, as strange as the meeting of touched his arm and engaged him in a headed, they walked slowly down the laurellong-parted friends in the crowded whispered conversation, which, from their bordered path. They came to the end and thoroughfare of a strange city, Carl Burton | glances, concerned the sleeping lady. In | stood gazing in silence upon the graves. came into her life and found it swept, gar- a moment or two the conductor took the Some of the flowers had become disarnished and prepared. That one year of love, which followed, seemed a year of ing her twice without response, shook her the graves and stooped to rearrange them. more than human joy. Perhaps, though her arm gently, with the result only When she rose, Colonel Gardiner was make a broth or soup, soft water, unhappily she could not know it, a longer ex- of causing her to open, for a moment, eyes standing facing her. She saw his face perience would have shown her that, as that seemed already too dull for seeing. working with the strong emotion he felt as the sunlight makes even common things. Another whispered conversation with the beautiful, so she owed to the glamour of her dark-eyed gentleman, whom the conductor that drawing us together that is stronger own love—its abnegation and intensity— courteously addressed as Colonel, and a lit-much of the beauty which she found in her the later, when the train stopped at Holly me with your life, as I would gladly lay lover. Perhaps she might have slowly learned that her ceaseless prayer to be wor-half led and half lifted the fevered trav- and for answer she clasped the band that thy of him was needless, or even that his eler from the train, into a waiting carriage was stretched to her across the grave. embrace was parasitic, drawing on her life | which presently rolled away into the dusk.

to nourish a selfish existence. But all such thoughts were far from the mind of Kate Wilton. Life seemed a royal progress. She moved through a landscape bathed in sunlight, radiant with color, sweet with song. As her religion was love, so her love was religion, and no sacrifice that love could ask but she would have gloried in making chair; at a tall dark man with an It is comparatively easy, oftentimes, to make a voluntary offering of that which, if withdrawn from us by sovereign power, would stir us to angry mutiny against the supreme authority that "orders all things after the counsel of His own will." All this dream of love was to fade,

the sky become overcast and the birds cease their singing. During all this year of first love, Kate had heard truly hope that, as all our inquiries have the roll of drums, the good-byes of friends, failed to discover any friend who was inand Rachel's comfortless cry of grief for terested in her or waiting her coming, so her children, as if it came from an outside no unpleasant results or serious shock world. When Carl spoke of taking his may follow when she learns of her long place in the ranks, she had put her arms sickness and detention." Kate did get about him and said: "Nay, dear; we are well, but her recovery was very slow. betrothed. You shall give me this year; for of old they granted to the soldier newly | tonation and many a motherly caress, wed his one year of exemption." And told her how she came to be among Carl was too loth to turn his back upon strangers, the tears that flowed were tears this paradise, to make remonstrance. It of gratitude and thankfulness. The kindwas Kate's prayer and hope that as the ness and devotion shown to her, a year sped, an end might be made of the stranger, touched her deeply, and won upcruel strife and her lover be spared on her loving nature. She grew accusthe descent into "the mouth of tomed to the coming and going of "Alex," hell," with its belching flames and as his mother called him, simply as if he sulphurous smoke, from whence so many were yet a boy, and received with a glad never returned. The year wore away, but humility the kindnesses that were showered the war went on. The village streets grew on her. Little by little she told the story of terrible. Carl's face grew troubled; at last | felt such a strange content in her helpless-



CARL'S FACE GREW TROUBLED

he spoke again: "Dear, if you hold me back by your love, and into our after paradise of home should come this serpent Shame, to writhe about me, neither thou nor I could escape its sting." She heard and knew his resolve was taken. Her lips themselves deceived grew cold and tremulous, and lay still and unresponsive beneath his kiss. "Carl," she whispered, presently, "when do you leave me?" "To-morrow," he said. "To-morrow?" She echoed his words as if they measured the whole span of re-

maining life. All through that summer night they sat together hand in hand. Seldom they spoke, and then but of the trifles of the minute; of Their cup was fuller by one bitter drop, and all the draught was sadder and sweeter

At dawn they parted, and for ever. There came a time when letters ceased, when have rendered any news acceptable. But For long she lived on the hope that he life began to flow back into the old long-dried channels, but word of Carl change began to be wrought in Kate, by disappointment. She who had loved all things, came to hate with bitter hate the Now she would be in ecstasy at the thought

of Carl's nearness; again the nearness All things, both great and small," would seem as mocking, as unreal, as intanthen Kate Wilton's prayers should have gible, as the materialized form she somehad peculiar efficacy; for her regard for times gazed on. But an idea was slowly life, in its lowest forms, amounted to all taking form in her mind. She had most reverence. Perhaps this was due as so longed to stand by his grave, to be able much to surroundings and education as to to raise some memorial befitting her love. the inherent qualities of her mind. Left an Here was something real and definite to orphan in early girlhood, Katie had been seek and work for. Why might not these spirit powers guide her in a quest for his and childless. Aunt Ruth was a Quakeress, resting-place. The burden of all her quesand while she faithfully fulfilled the desire tions of the oracle grew to be: "Tell me of the child's parents and let her receive where they have lain him." At last, an her religious education in the worship of answer seemed to come back which, withthe denomination of which her father had out being definite, as she desired, gave her assurance that, when she stood by her than impress upon the child, not so much lover's grave, she should grow conscious by word as by living example, that peculiar of the nearness of the precious dust whose reverence for the Father which is charac- shrine she sought. So it came to pass that teristic of the peaceful sect. "Thee must in her thirty-fourth year, she turned her be very still in thyself, my child, if thou face to the land of the people she hearest the Divine voice," was a precept | loathed and went on a pilgrimage to seek the sepulcher of the man she loved. At the She grew up a believer in divine voices first a strange excitement filled her. She and sought to make within herself that felt as if she was going to keep an appointed holy calm in which no whisper of Heaven tryst with her lover. But, in time, her exis lost to the spiritual sense. Among the citement wore away; her step grew heavier voices that Kate Wilton listened for was the and her frame more languid, in those long voice of God, speaking through human lips months of pilgrimage. Many an eye folthe words of love: "Whither thou goest lowed her furtively, as she walked among I well go." There was not a particle of the graves that rolled like sea billows coquetry in her; to have sought a lover about her. Many a sympathetic wish hovwould have been to outrage every instinct | ered, unrecognized, above her, as she of her fine and delicate nature. Yet she stooped to lay a handful of flowers on some thought daily of husband and of home. unnamed grave. From place to place she The maternal instinct was strong within journeyed seeking the sign that never her, and child faces and child voices came | came. She grew nervous; sleep and appeand went in her pure dreams. Daily she tite failed her, but not her courage. She prayed for the man who was coming to her | was in Virginia now, and took the train at with ever-nearing feet, feeling a sweet de- length to come to Fredericksburg. The light in the thought that he whom her spring was here; the air was ful of it. alone," she said; let me but share this soul loved, unknown of name, unknown of She vaguely wondered if it was this form, would be blessed from a source un- that gave her such a feeling of languor and you let me lay my flowers on the grave known or tranquilized and refreshed in made her so drowsy. Occasionally, as she of the soldier of the South." And so, hours of loneliness and struggle by her in- lifted her heavy lids, she became conscious tercession. It was a rare and singular of the watchful gaze of a pair of keen, thing that she should feel that the qualities | dark eyes. She wondered vaguely if any she loved must be mortally incarnate and thing was amiss in her attire to attract at-

the flush of fever deepening on her cheek. Presently the conductor passed through lence. "Come," said the Colonel, at length. By a chance as seeming strange as the the car, and the owner of the dark eyes, "let us take a turn in the garden before we

quieter, the mourning weeds were abun- her life, her love and pilgrimage. The atdant, and the news of slaughter yet more | mosphere about her seemed so restful; she ness and dependence that she began to ask herself if she were too content; if she had grown disloyal to the dead. It was one of the things that troubled her, that the past really seemed dead now; not forgotten, but dead; and buried as it should have been long ago. She had tried to embalm her dead and keep it with her as a living thing. Now it was buried. Often she tried to renew her grasp upon the old, but it eluded her. It seemed impossible, in this new atmosphere, to rehabilitate that old life. Perhaps, she thought, when I go away, the old feeling will return. But did she wish it to return? Was it not better buried, since it was dead? Often she questioned herself in this wise after one of the Colonel's daily visits, visits she had grown to look for and expect. There was a mighty magnetism about the man. He was so courteous, so unobtrusive. He seemed to divine her wishes and ministered as thoughtfully as gently to her wants. One day he had dropped a bouquet of her favorite roses on the coverlid of the bed. "How did he know the flowers she best loved?" But this was the South; this man was one of his murderers. Nay, she had been unjust; wrong he may have been, but never wicked. So she vexed herself with question and answer as she strove to reconcile the past and present of her life. Strange, that we will not be content to follow nature without this attempt at reconciling the differences of her dispensations. With her slow convalescence came the month of May. She was able to rise now and to walk a little, and passed much of the pleasant morning upon the cool shady veranda, upon which her windows opened. There, among the climbing roses, the color came back to her cheeks | souri and Kansas, produce about twoand the brightness to her eyes. She began to talk of the time of her return to the the total export of oa's was a little North, From the edge of the veranda the less than six million bushels. large garden stretched away, as yet unexplored for her, save only wh ad taken a brief tour among the flowers leaning of the thin flank, salted; remove the on the Colonel's arm. "Do you know what | inside skin and powder the beef well day this is!" said the Colonel one day, with a mix are of pounded nutmeg. when Kate was beginning to feel that no invalidism. "It is the thirtieth, isn't it?" pepper and cayenne. Roll it up tight she said. A flush came to her face. It was and tie it with tape, putting a skewer OA Memorial Day, and she had forgotten. The at each end, or roll it in thin muslin, Po grave in the village graveyard in the North rose up before her; "and I," she thought, close in a pan of cold water and sim-"sit in the house of the enemy." Yet she felt the thought was foolish; there was no enemy. "Come with me," said the Colonel, presently, "you have never been to the end two plates, with a weight on the top, of the laurel walk, and I have some thing or in a meat presser; remove the tapes Wi there to show you. There was a certain seriousness in his manner, and he was unusually silent as they walked slowly down between the laurels. They paused at the end of the walk, where was an open space bordered about with low shrubs. In the center of this inclosure two graves lay close together, the narrow path that led between alone dividing them. She looked at them in surprise, and then glanced questioningly at her companion. "You wonder," he said, "what these graves are and why I brought you here? Sit down a moment on this bench and I will tell you. I had a brother, an only brother, who fell at my side at Petersburg. There was no time to halt or help, for we were driven back by an impetuous rush of the soldiers of the Union. At night we sought him, I and a faithful negro servant. When we found him he was dead, and by his side, hand clasped in hand, was a fair-

And that was the end of Kate Wilton's

side; her gaze wandered over the appoint-

ments of the room, and then the eyes

closed again, and she sank into a restful

sleep. The lady, who had watched her in

silence, rose and bent over her a moment,

and then, crossing to her son, said: "The

danger is over; she will recover. When

she wakes again she will be conscious. I

When good Mrs. Gardiner, with kindly in-

loved son; the boy in blue and the boy in gray. Never an anniversary of their deathday has passed but we have covered the

haired soldier of the North. What passed

between them none may know, but

they went out into new life smiling, and,

hand in hand, as little children

might wander into the strange world of the

meadow, beyond the pasture bars. And

we brought them here and laid them side

by side, the unknown stranger and the

'YOU WONDER," HE SAID, "WHAT THESE GRAVES ARE.

with flowers. But, since the custom of Memorial Day has obtained, we have always remembered to deck this soldier's tomb for those who mourn him as sleeping in an unknown grave. I brought you here, thinking that it might seem sweet to you side. that Northern hands should deck the graves that holds a Northern soldier's dust." Tears came to her eyes; "Not task, or if you would show me favor, I pray together, they laid their flowers on the two graves. That evening when all the garden was bathed in moonlight, they sat together on the veranda; mother, son and drew and the two sat some moments in si-E. G. CHEVERTON.

HOME AND FARM.

pilgrimage. It was mid-April when she -Never pat and smooth down opened her eyes languidly upon the room where for weeks she had moaned and mashed potato, as it makes it heavy. tossed in pain and muttered in delirium. She looked a moment at the pleasant-faced. white-haired lady who sat at work in a low empty sleeve, who stood by the lady's sick-room.

> a cup of boiling water, a little salt tious luncheon, and an excelent repast for invalids.

-Orange Cookies: Into two tablespoonfuls of butter rub one large cup of brown sugar and two quarts of flour. Season with a great deal of orange peel, well grated, and mix with enough molasses to roll thin. Cut in fancy shapes and bake in a quick oven.

-Turkey and chicken wings prepared this way are very nice for uncheon or supper: Season them, stew them in as little water as possible until they are tender, when take them out and let get cold. Then eggand-bread-crumb them, and fry in hot butter. Serve with a tomato sauce.

-Bees should be furnished water if a good supply be not close at hand. In early spring water may be set out to them, to which may be added a little salt. Take a salt barrel that has just been emptied, soak it in water and set it out near the apiary, and the bees will show how they appreciate such a tonic.

-A country, to be truly prosperous, must of necessity raise a variety of crops. A variety of crops is necessary to carry on an intelligent and successful rotation so as to guard against soil exhaustion. Stock and poultry need a variety of food to maintain health and promote proper development of body and energy. Man himself needs a variety of food.

-Veal Patties: Mince a little cold veal and ham, allowing one-third ham to two-thirds veal; add a hard boiled egg, chopped, and a seasoning of pounded mace, salt, pepper and lemon peal; moisten with a little gravy and warm. Make puff paste, roll thin and cut in round pieces, put the mince between two of them, pinching the edges together, and fry in hot grease.

-The oat crop for 1887 was above the average of the previous five years, and was six hundred and fifty-nine million bashels, thirty-six million more than the year before. Ten States, Illinois, Iowa, New York, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Misthirds of the entire crop. Last year The

-Spiced Beef: Take seven pounds ginger, mace and cloves, also black close in a pan of cold water and simmer for four hours. When you re- HO move it from the fire place it between SH and skewers before it comes to table. To be eaten cold.

THE CODLIN MOTH.

Why Fruit-Growers Should Wage Common War Against the Pest.

A number of years ago John Dixon, an Iowa farmer, discovered the methol of destroying the codlin moth by spraying the apple trees, at the close of the blossoming period, with arsenical poisons dissolved in water. To him and to Prof. A. J. Cook, who has done more than any one else in making the method generally known, the fruit-growers of this country are deeply indebted.

The annual total loss to fruitgrowers on account of the ravages of ing warfare against the insect pests. to such an extent have they increased.

The method advised by Prof. Cook is very simple, cheap and effective. London purple, dissolved in water at the rate of one pound to a hundred gallons, is applied with a force-pum; throwing a strong, fine spray. To destory the codlin moth, the first application is made just when the bloom drops, and another two weeks later. The success attending extensive experiments made the past two or three years has caused quite a demand for spraying machines, and there are a number of inventions on the market this season that do the work thoroughly.

The suggestion is offered that the farmers and fruit growers of each neighborhood form a "combine," and wage common war against the common enemy. The larger machines could be purchased and men employed to do the work thoroughly, spraying every orchard and fruit tree in the community.

A destructive warfare waged all along the line would prove much more effectual in the end than the skirmishing attacks by individual fruit growers here and there. - Farm and Fire-

Water in Cooking.

All cooks do not understand the different effects produced by hard and soft water in cooking meat and vegetables. Peas and beans cooked in hard water, containing lime or gypsum, will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. Many vegetables, as onions, boil nearly tasteless in sof water, because all the flavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of onions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles, besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water. For extracting the juice of meat to salted and cold at first, is the best, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling where the juices should be retained hard water or soft water salted is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so as to seal up the pores at once. - Journal of Chemistry.

Herr Forteika, a Lieutenant in the Austrian army, during the first campaign in Bosnia received a bullet in his right eye, -Disease is often transmitted by the and speedily became totally blind. Since hands through the mouth. Always his blindness he has invented, in addition wash the hands on coming out of a to a magazine rifle, a new micrometer, an

Inventions of a Blind Man

apparatus for automatic mapping, new sort of gunpowder, two machines for the -A quarter of a teaspoonful of beel anti-oxidation of metals at a small cost, extract, the yelk of an egg beaten up, and a number of small devices. "When either great or minute measurements are in question," says Herr Fortelka, "those added, and served with a slice of hot who see with their eyes are often wrong, toast, makes a palatable and nutri- while I, who see with my fingers, am right." The models of his inventions have been entirely made by himself with the help of pieces of wood, string and

> THERE is always a hitch in the teamster's usiness.-Pittsburgh Chronicle.

WE are informed that a new and powerfully-written story, delineating college life in America, and the remarkable religious experience of a former infidel and other students, in which the great truths of Chris-tianity are dealt with in a manner calculated to interest all readers, has just been written expressly for the Christian Herald, by Rev. L. S. Keyser, author of the famous and popular story, "The Way Out." The first chap-ter appears May 24, under the the title of "The Epochs of a Life," and will be continued from week to week. This journal is now the most popular and extensively-read illustrated religious paper published. For sale or can be ordered at all news-dealers. Price, 3c. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Address 63 Bible House, New York

A WRITER says that an ordinary beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. It ought to go on the road as a theatrical star.

A Jolting on the Rail Grievously disturbs the stomach of invalid travelers. The motion of the ship and vibration of the screw in crossing the ocean does the like for many in good health. All ravelers should have, as a companion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which fortifies and regulates the stomach and bowels, counteracts hurtful influences of climate and changes of temperature, and is a sovereign

Neven ask a crust of a crusty man. Ask him for meat, for he'll give you a cold shoulder with pleasure.

In another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the neatest ever placed in our paper and we think our readers will be well repaid for examining the supposed display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

THE professor of penmanship can not do a flour shing business when he drops his pen and uses a type-writer.

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickle or Cherry Cigar Case, Mer-CHANTS ONLY. R.W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago

The man who wears no collar is never troubled with a tie-up.-N. Y. Journal.

Ladies who possess the finest complexons are patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c. A WINDING stare-watching your best girl

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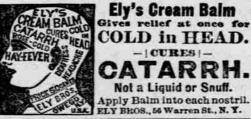
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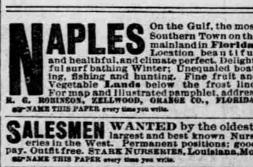
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